

The



Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1924

No. 5

SAINTS BOW TO ELMHURST IN TURKEY DAY TILT, 14 TO 0

"A winning team is a scoring team" is an old football slogan, and surely this fact was demonstrated last Thursday afternoon when the Purple and Red clad machine, fighting desperately to give their loyal supporters a victory, went down to defeat before the shifty eleven from Elmhurst, 14-0. Lack of punch in the offensive department was the cause of the downfall. The line probably played its best defensive game of the season; and had the forward pass defense been a little tighter, the game would have ended 0-0. As it was, the contest was a clean-cut exhibition of a team, inexperienced but game.

St. Joe won the toss and chose to defend the south goal. Steckler booted the ball out of bounds on Elmhurst's six yard line. After a vain attempt to gain around the ends, the Chicagoans punted to DeShone. After this the teams engaged in a punting duel and when Elmhurst resorted to passing, Liebert intercepted the ball in midfield, returning it ten yards. St. Joe's attempt at the same tactics also resulted in the ball's being intercepted. The quarter ended a few moments later with both sides scoreless. Early in the second quarter Peters skirted left end for the first marker of the game. The extra point was added.

The rest of the quarter found the Hoosiers fighting desperately to even matters, but, always in the pinches, the offensive crumbled. The ball for the most part was in St. Joe territory, and well did the defense show its grit. Once after a penalty for holding had left the ball on the locals' two yard line, Weier's punt went out of bounds on his own twenty yard line. Elmhurst then started for another marker, however, on their fourth down only six yards from the goal. Hoban intercepted a pass and carried the ball out of danger. A few moments before this an injured knee forced DeShone out of the game.

The half ended: Elmhurst, 7; St. Joe, 0.

Grimly determined to turn the tide and land the coveted victory, the Saints came back strong at the opening of the second half, when for a
(Continued on page 3)

"THE COLLEGE FRESHMAN" A DECIDED SUCCESS

On Thanksgiving Eve the C. L. S. presented a three-act comedy entitled "The College Freshman" which afforded an excellent opportunity for the participants to exhibit their histrionic ability. And well did they succeed.

James Hoban in the leading role enhanced his already excellent reputation. In humor and pathos he acted equally well. Sylvester Schmelzer, the friend who remained true in the hour of need, showed that he is an actor of no mean ability, and did much to insure the success of the play. The role of a villain is extremely difficult, and to be a particularly cruel villain is surely not less hard, but Clemens Koors put it over well last Wednesday evening.

John Byrne, the fighting Irishman; Edward Kotter, Clarke's tool; Alphonse Hoffman, the Bellville coach; and Russel Scheidler, the bucolic slenth, were pivots around which the plot centered. To Sylvester Ziemer, Ralph Mueller, Adolph Petit, Charles Ruess, and Urban Wimmers goes much of the credit won by "The College Freshman."

The C. L. S. showed that it is still the producer of quality plays, and that this was a quality play any of the large audience, many of whom were guests, will testify.

The orchestra under the direction of Professor Tonner played three numbers: Prelude in C Minor, by Rachmainoff; Invitation to the Dance, by Weber; and Glow Worm, by Linke. These numbers were rendered in the orchestra's finest style, and that is no small compliment.

RATTO GREAT IMPERSON- ATOR COMING HERE

On the evening of December 1 we shall be entertained by John B. Ratto, an expert in the art of impersonation. For fifteen years Mr. Ratto has been building his reputation, and now few are superior to him in this branch of dramatic art. He has travelled the length and breadth of the land, fulfilled over 3,500 engagements and been one of the lights of the Lyceum and Chautauqua.

According to advance notices, Mr. Ratto "feels that the greatest art is the art of pleasing, and the real artist is the one who pleases artistically."

That the above is strictly true, the writer can vouch for, because he saw him last summer on the Chautauqua platform. Indeed, the advance notices are too brief; they do not give Mr. Ratto all the credit he deserves. In his program last summer he impersonated to an uncanny degree humorous and pathetic characters; unaided he staged a one-act play with a cast of about half a dozen characters, each in costume; and he rounded out his program with a series of impersonations of great figures in the recent war, reciting in character at the same time excerpts from the sayings of these men. Among them were Lloyd George, Clemenceau, King Peter, Pershing, Kaiser William, Foch, but the most excellent of them all was Woodrow Wilson.

If Mr. Ratto gives that program, students will hail him as being by far the best they have ever seen.

CONDITION IMPROVED

His many friends here at Collegeville will be glad to learn that William Greter is on the road to recovery. Since he was forced to leave here early this Fall, he has been confined to a hospital at Lafayette. For a while his condition was precarious, but since a second operation he is satisfactorily improved. We regret to say that in all probability he will not be able to return to St. Joe this year.

SECONDS ROMP OVER FIRSTS, 40-6

The Seconds were able to pile up a 40 to 6 victory over the Firsts on Sunday, November 23, in a game which was played for the championship of the lower study-hall. The Sophomores decidedly outweighed the Freshmen, but despite the high score, the first half of the game was by no means a one-sided struggle. Ameling kicked off to Klimek who received the ball on his five yard line and neatly wove his way seventy yards to the Sophs twenty-five yard line before he was finally downed. On the next play Klimek threw a long pass to Barth who crossed the goal line for the First's only touchdown. The attempt to drop-kick failed.

Later in the quarter the Sophomores retaliated when Dirrig scored on a wide end run around right end and added the point by drop-kick. During the second period Dirrig registered again on a line buck, but his kick was blocked. The Sophs then worked the ball to the First's twelve yard line toward the end of the period but the valiant little Freshman line held them for downs and the ball was carried out of danger when the half ended. Score at half: Seconds, 13; Firsts, 6.

Although the Freshmen worked hard and fought harder all during the last two quarters, the Sophs were able to score repeatedly. Modrijan circled a wing for a touchdown early in the third stanza. Then Dirrig carried the oval over the goal line but was tackled and fumbled. T. Gohman recovered the ball for the Seconds, however, and Dirrig kicked goal; Casserly scored on an end run in the last session and Ameling intercepted a Freshman pass and ran fifteen yards for the Sophomores' last marker. L. Dirrig kicked goal for both points. Final score: Seconds, 40; Firsts, 6.

Dirrig starred for the Seconds by his running and excellent drop-kicking. Ameling's kicking was above the average and "Ribs" was also up to form on receiving and intercepting passes. Diamond showed considerable tackling ability and his offensive work was also good. Modrijan and Casserly gained considerable territory by their speed and plunging ability. Klimek, by his running and other work, distinguished himself as usual. Giardina did fine work in the backfield too. The entire First year line deserves especial mention for its game fight against heavy odds. Freidman and Gaul were especially good at breaking through and tackling.

SOPHOMORES HUMBLE

FROSH ELEVEN, 21 TO 7

Sunday afternoon, November 16th,

the Second year team succeeded in avenging their previous defeat at the hands of the yearlings by administering a 21-7 setback to the youngsters. The game was well played throughout, with the Freshmen fighting desperately before the steady advance of the giant Sophomore forward wall. Casserly started the fireworks immediately after the kickoff by smashing through the Firsts' line for several long gains that ultimately resulted in a touchdown. Dirrig's toe brought the additional point. The Seconds' joy was short lived, however, for a few minutes later Klimek scooped up a fumble in mid-field and raced to the goal for a touchdown. The goal was kicked.

After this the ball sea-sawed back and forth for some time until near the end of the half, when the Sophs again scored. In the second half the lone touchdown came after a series of line plunges.

The pluck of the youngsters deserves special commendation, especially the work of the fleet-footed Klimek. As an open field runner this lad bids fair to develop into real Varsity material in another year. Casserly, Modrijan, and Dirrig were in the "horsemen" that did most of the galloping for the Sophomores.

TELL HIM NOW

If with pleasure you are viewing
Any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him
Tell him now.
Don't withhold your approbation
'Till the parson makes oration
As he lies with snowy lilies
O'er his brow.
For no matter how you shout it,
He won't really care about it,
He won't know how many tear-drops
You have shed.
If you think some praise is due him
Now's the time to slip it to him,
For he cannot read his tombstone
When he's dead.
More than fame and more than money
Is the comment kind and sunny,
And the hearty warm approval
Of a friend.
For it gives to life a savor
And it makes you strong and braver
And it gives you heart and spirit
To the end.
If he earns your praise—bestow it;
If you like him let him know it;
Let the words of true encouragement
Be said.
Don't wait 'till life is over
And he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone
When he's dead.

—Contributed.

The latest thing in dancing circles is the "Corn Dance"—it's hard on the feet.

THIRDS DEFEAT FOURTHS IN THRILLING GAME, 13-0

On Sunday afternoon, November 16, the Thirds met the Fourths the second time this season, defeating them 13-0 in a thrilling game in which the spirit of the play as well as the rooting, increased each passing quarter. Twilight rapidly deepening into darkness, the last period opened, and by time that the final whistle blew there was little certainty of knowing who had the ball. The playing was exceptionally clean, even during most hard fought moments, and fighting spirit and sportsmanship both teams is highly commendable.

The Juniors scored in the opening quarter, when "Andy" Estadt carried the ball around right end for yards to a touchdown. Fertilj kicked goal. The second quarter was a repetition of the first in as far as Estadt again took the ball over, time from the one-yard line. But Earl Sieben ruined Fertilj's second attempt for the extra point.

Score at half: Fourths, 0; Juniors, 13.

In the third session neither team gained any advantage over the other. In the final, however, the Fourths strove hard to cross the line, working the ball down the field by a series of end runs and line plunges, in which Leitshuh, Boone, and Middendorf entered their way, a few yards at a time, until the ball rested on the Juniors' ten yard line, from where Middendorf's attempt to drop-kick for a touchdown goal was blocked. After the Fourths had once more regained the ball, Leitshuh had again bucked the skin, this time, to the eight yard line when the whistle blew. Final score: Fourths, 0; Thirds, 13.

"Andy" Estadt and Schuckert starred in the backfield, Jessico and Fertilj in the wings, and Herringhaus and Krupa on the line, were the outstanding Junior players. Leitshuh, Caplan, Boone, and Middendorf, in the backfield; and Gahwolf, Sieben, and Gannon, in the forward wall, all did splendid work for the Fourths.

Lineup

Thirds (13)	Fourth
Jessico	L.E.
Connolly	L.T.
Hnat	L.G.
Dunn (Capt.)	C.
Herringhaus	R.G.
Koch	R.T.
Fertilj	R.E.
Schuckert	Q.
Passafume	L.H.
Krupa	R.H.
Estadt	F.B.

Prof. in Latin class: "Translatum: Puerum pigrum accusabo."

Beany Gallivan: "I shall accuse the boy and the pig."

The right way to raise a boy is to treat him like a man.

WITH THE ALUMNI

Queen City Home,
of 13 Grads of '24
6 Months Later.

t Say, Red and Purple!

d a hearty "hello there" from the
s of '24 to their successors—and
ecessors! Imagine the "choice"
lets hurled at the present "Hon."
when our pen, just recovering
last season's CHEER ravings, is
d upon to fill space once more in
e memorable columns. But then,
ctice what you have preached,"
ts said editor, "contribute to the
ini Column," and so we're merely
her victim of his merciless pen.
umni Column, born last year of
idden zeal to strengthen friend-
s twixt Alumni, was doomed as
enly to die. Singularity of the en-
or, however, prompts the re-birth
e column, and in appreciation of
Staff's perseverance we hasten to
d our hearty acclaim, tucking
y twixt these lines the hope that
er fortune attend the Column of
25.

capital cause, the Column, isn't it,
uni? To keep in touch with one
her, and each with our Alma
er, to ruminate in the glow of her
th and to bask in the beams of
success—these are our pleasures
ing upon the endurance of Alum-
column. Parcelled to various du-
we nevertheless love to spend
ents in recalling scenes of col-
days, we love to gather our bud-
of yore upon the campus, in the
ctory or, mayhap, in the Rolly
Club-room. But these are but
dreams,—the practical means to
realization of that end, in as far
such is possible, is genuine sup-
of the Column generously offer-
us. We cannot gather in person,
let us strengthen those bonds of
herly relationship, created while
ding the corridors of St. Joe,
ugh the medium of the CHEER,—
hear from all, from the Grads
he Twenty's, from the Grads of
'teens, and too of ye gray-haired
s," "old settlers," if you will!

few breezes from St. Gregory's
inary, then, which shelters eigh-
sons of St. Joseph's, may prove
nterest. Three second year Phil-
phers were reinforced by fifteen
-comers from our Alma Mater.
yes, we're "strutting our stuff"
less forcibly on the campus than
he lecture-hall, nor yet less im-
ssively in the refectory. And pleas-
diversion from our usual occupa-
of admiring the Chapel paintings
he thrill afforded in rubbing el-
s with a down-town Cincy crowd
'worldlings" while our neat white
l-boards" conceal the antics of an
ditional Adam's apple.

ut we love to link ourselves in

true family ties to present students—
graduates of tomorrow. Were these
to seek advice of their "experienced
ancestors" we could offer none bet-
ter than this: appreciate the truly
grand opportunities that are yours,
for they are unexcelled; learn, too, to
appreciate the intimate relation of
your present studies with your future
avocation.

Alumni, to the front! We're off! In
anticipation of frequent visits from
our college buddies via the Alumni
Column we wish the CHEER unpre-
cedented success. But now—sounds
intrude upon our reverie—sounds
carrying us, in truth, to St. Joe,—
you've guessed it—merely another
bell!

"Signing off," then. Yours for a
banner column,

"St. Greg" Bunch,—but ever St.
Joe's.

Per A. H. R.

Robert Kimberly---A Review

"Robert Kimberly" is an American
story that should be read by all. It
has a special interest for Catholics
who rejoice in seeing their religion
made the motive for all high actions.

In the main character, Robert Kim-
berly, we find a multi-millionaire and
the main cog of the Kimberly & Com-
pany Sugar Refineries, who falls in
love with the beautiful young wife of
a director in his company.

Kimberly, deeply in love, and the
ly his affections for the woman of
king in his social circle, shows plain-
his dreams, Mrs. MacBirney. She be-
ing a Catholic, however, not a fervent
member, refuses at first to allow any-
thing to come between her and her
detestable husband.

Mr. MacBirney, caring little for her
and infinitely more for the almighty
dollar and company of other women,
at last leaves her after a dreadful
quarrel. Kimberly meanwhile has
gained her love and affections and
asked her to become his wife, to
which she finally acquiesces. But his
plans all come to nought for on the
day set for the marriage he carries
his intended wife to the grave.

Disheartened, lonely, troubled and
tired of this world he gives his for-
tunes to the poor and needy, be-
comes a Catholic and a laborer among
the lepers in the South Sea isles.

Throughout the novel we find the
atmosphere of the famed American
"four hundred." In most interesting
detail Mr. Spearman describes the
life of that set, who live in worldly
indulgence. We have pictured for us
those whose very philosophy of life
is wrong; namely, that life in which
reflection never reaches conclusion,
action never looks forward to result,

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SAINTS BOW TO ELMHURST, 14-0 (Continued from page 1)

home team heaved passes to every
part of the field, but not a one was
time they showed a real punch on the
offensive. But in the crucial moments
the drive was missing. In this period,
Peters grabbed a pass and ran to the
locals' fifteen yard line before being
downed. Then a series of end runs
and line bucks brought the final score
of the game, boosting Elmhurst's to-
tal to 14. Time and again Weier and
Petit attempted to gain around the
ends, but always some one was there
to block their progress before the
fleet-footed backs could get under
way.

The last quarter was a heart-break-
er. Throwing caution to the wind, the
completed. During this period the ball
was in Elmhurst's territory most of
the time, the visitors' only long gains
resulting from end runs and criss-
crosses. When the game ended the
ball was on St. Joe's forty yard line.
Final score: Elmhurst, 14; St. Joe, 0.

To the Elmhurst backfield, because
of its consistent playing throughout,
goes a great share of the victory. On
the line, however, the locals must be
given the edge. For Elmhurst the out-
standing players were Peters and
Binder; it was their playing that en-
abled Elmhurst to win this, her only
victory on foreign fields. Next Weier,
Hipskind and Estadt deserve much
credit for their work. The entire team
that started the game for the locals
will be lost through graduation next
June. With this game, the last one,
also in the lost column, the season
was objectively speaking a disastrous
one. But there is significance in the
viewpoint that St. Joe has entered the
field of real collegiate competition.

And it will be remembered as the
most difficult season thus far faced
by any eleven in the history of St.
Joe.

Score by Quarters

Elmhurst	0 7 7 0—14
St. Joe	0 0 0 0—0

Lineup

Elmhurst (14)	St. Joe (0)
Peters R.E.	Liebert
Boeger R.T.	Schmelzer
Boesch R.G.	Ludwig
Gotz C.	Hoban (Capt.)
Greb L.G.	Castillo
Frig L.T.	Steckler
Beehler L.E.	Brennan
Binder (Capt.) G.	DeShone
Barth L.H.	Petit
Schmidt R.H.	Weier
Brose F.B.	Leitshuh
Substitutions: St. Joe—Moore for	
Brennan; Hipskind for Ludwig; Estadt	
for rMoore; Nichols for Steckler; Dirrig	
for DeShone; Sirovy for Schmelzer; Lud-	
wig for Castillo; Jessio for Estadt.	
Elmhurst—Ott for Boesch.	
Referee—Kirk. Umpire—Putts. Head-	
linesman—Reardon.	

It has been estimated that if the
handshaking in the recent election
were applied to a pump handle the
energy would raise 1,327,463 gallons
of water at 0 Centigrade.

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Collegeville, Indiana.

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EDITORIALS

THANKSGIVING DAY AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE

Thanksgiving Day is over and already many persons have forgotten the real significance of the day. Too many of our American people accept Thanksgiving Day as a matter of fact; an event that recurs year after year and which is merely a cessation of the ordinary routine of life. These people forget that bound up in the picturesque history of the day there is a real American spirit, one that is as American as pumpkin pie. And others, I dare say, do not even know that years ago when this broad land was nothing less than a trackless wilderness, our Pilgrim fathers blazed the trail of civilization, suffering sacrifices innumerable. And yet when the fruits of the first American harvest were gathered in, these simple God-fearing people remembered the All-Father in His goodness and kneeling down gave thanks.

America leads the world today in everything; she is the mecca of civilization. Towering skyscrapers rise where yesterday there stood the forests primeval. Monster bridges span the mighty streams that in yester-years gave fish to the Indian. Our sky is bright with the fires of hundreds and thousands of industries. Conquests of air, land and sea are the proud boasts of Americans. Should we not be thankful? Our government is as stable as Gibraltar and our prosperity assured. America is the land of hope.

But after all, Americans are too prone to forget the past. The future with promises of wealth is too alluring and often we fall into the base sin of ingratitude. We mock the goodness of the Almighty and dare Him to destroy us. Fools! Thanksgiving Day is a day of great import, for it tells us to thank Him who rules all things. We like to think that Providence owes us all these benefits, but what could be farther from the truth?

Study the history of America and you will see that America has not always been as prosperous as today. Reflect on this and then resolve to ever be

thankful for the progress that has been made. Be thankful for America and the Stars and Stripes. If we do this then will all be well and we shall be better citizens and of more worth to our country.

CONCERNING GOOD LITERATURE

Recently there appeared an editorial in one of our metropolitan dailies exhorting the public to read more worth while literature. In the course of the article the writer stated that Charles Schwab, one of our greatest financiers finds most enjoyment, in his leisure hours in the perusal of literature. Furthermore the article stated that this energetic man not only reads the works of the present but also those of the past.

This editorial was indeed a timely one, one that illustrates a point; namely, that literature is the most universal art. Wherever we go we shall always find lovers of literature, whether it be in the drawing rooms of the rich or in the humble homes of the poor. Literature knows no class; it is the art that breaks down barriers, be they as lofty as mountains. The appeal of the heart is universal and literature is that. Mere science could never satisfy emotional man. Literature has the personal touch, the touch of understanding, and that is what humanity craves.

Where would our civilization be today without the cultural help of literature? There would be no culture. Our greatest source of education is literature, for through it we glean a knowledge of men and matters that cannot be obtained otherwise. A depraved slave of his unbridled emotions would be a man's lot without the inspiring influence of the classics. In literature we see the world and man in all their variegated stages. Literature expresses truth in terms of beauty; in terms that appeal to all men. To know men is to love humanity and therein lies the worth of literature.

There is literature for every mood. What soul is there that is not comforted by the exquisite verse of Wordsworth or Tennyson. How many can refrain from being inspired by the immortal dramas of Shakespeare? Who does not admire the sublime imagery of a Dante or a Milton? And then there are so many lesser lights that appeal to the rank and file of us as just beautiful. Poetry, such as that written by Burns, was once characterized by an old peasant woman as "not poetry but life" and in those words there is more truth than can be expressed.

Much more could be written on this subject, but the facts are plain. There is not enough attention being given to literature; and as a result the world is falling more and more into

the dark chasm of despair. There is a time for everything and certainly such an important subject as literature should not be neglected. We students, especially, who desire to widen our view of humanity should view literature as one of the greatest aids. Let us read copiously of the world's literature in order that our education may be truly liberal.

THE STUDENT'S PAPER

This is the fifth Cheer and the subscription list is painfully slim. More than one hundred students have failed to subscribe—one hundred out of two hundred and forty. A fine spirit, is it not? The Cheer has been called the students' paper but as far as the subscription list would indicate this is a misnomer. It should be "a paper read by the many and subscribed to by the few."

Come clean, fellows, play square. The staff is working tooth and nail to give you a real publication, but without subscribers our task is fruitless. The Cheer is for the student body first, last and all the time, but is the student body for the Cheer? It would seem not.

Sixteen editions remain to be issued. There is time to remedy the matter. If you are already a subscriber boost the Cheer; if you are not a subscriber become one today. Beg, borrow or send for the money, but subscribe to the Cheer.

IT IS

I am insidious. My victim unaware, I fasten my clutches fast around him. I make him my slave. I make him desire to serve me. As I will, he does. I am the destroyer of time, the wreck-er of nerves, the cause of insanity. All men are exposed to my dart. I am the ally of the publishers of dictionaries and books of synonyms; I am the ally of the circulation manager. I have broken up more homes than whisky; I have caused more harsh words than bobbed hair; I have wasted more time than mah jongg. I am the destroyer of peaceful sleep, the cause of early rising, of half-chewed meals. I am your enemy, but you love me. I am

THE CROSS WORD PUZZLE.

Here, Latin scholars, is the first verse of "My Country 'Tis of Thee":

Te, mea patria,
Quam dulcis, libera,
Te praecino!
Qua patres dormiunt,
Cives superbiunt!
Sonori montes sunt:
Libertas sit!

Now you can translate the second verse. Dictionaries allowed.

ROBERT KIMBERLY—A REVIEW

(Continued from page 3)

and denial has neither time nor place. He shows us vividly that circle of aristocrats who for selfish monetary reasons override law and order, who do not know the meaning of sacrifice as they feast and dance night after night, caring nothing for soul or money but only for their bodies, that their appetites may be satisfied.

Flowing from chapter to chapter is a beautiful love story, a story of a man of principle, influenced by a pure self-sacrificing woman in whom he has found not only the spark that enkindles everything best within him, but also a visualization of his dreams of youth and beauty in a degree far surpassing his imagination.

But what is most interesting is the part dealing with the divorce problem. The laws of the Catholic church are made plainly manifest by the statements of the heroine. In argument after argument we may find true and pointed theological and moral evidence against this spreading evil.

In all, the book is filled with good wholesome food for thought which only authors like Mr. Spearman are capable of incorporating in their novels.

SYLVESTER SCHMELZER.

What a wee little part of a person's life are his acts and words. His real life is led in his head and is known to none but himself.—Mark Twain.

The only liberty is a liberty connected with order, that not only exists alongside with order and virtue but which cannot exist at all without them.

"This here is mule corn."

"Why?"

"Because it has such long ears."—Antonian.

Tailoring Mending
RENSSELAER DRY CLEAN-
ING WORKS
The College Dry Cleaner
Pressing Dry Cleaning

A GEM

The following bit of prose poetry is taken from "The Antonian," published at Santa Barbara, Calif.:

"What a wealth of beauty is contained in the sea! Where will we find more beautiful gardens than those buried deep beneath the surface of her restless, swelling waters? What sculptor has carved more graceful figures and what painter has mixed more warm and living colors than we find in her variegated plant life? Yet, no eye has seen and no pen can describe all her hidden beauties. Indeed, they are a forbidden luxury, which no man may fully enjoy.

"But, come, let us stand upon the brow of some cliff by the sea. It is sunset. The placid surface of the ocean mirrors the burning glories of the sky and the flaming waters blend into the crimson heavens, as the gaudy king of day sinks slowly to rest in his watery bed. Soon the fire of parting day burns low and as the embers cool the colors fade and die.

"Out of the east Phoebe comes and beholds her silvery visage in the watery glass, while the sea snatches up the straying moonbeams and by her subtle alchemy resolves them into a stream of purest silver. What a scene of quiet is this! Not a sound is heard, save the cooling, resting washing of the waves upon the beach at their priest-like task of cold ablution 'round the earth's human shores."

Prof. in English (after reading a composition about a clock): "And what would we do if we had no clocks?"

Bright Student: "Then we would look at our watches."

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : :

: : COLUMBIA SHOE STORE

Dr. A. R. Kresler

Special attention given to diseases and surgery of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Over Rowles and Parker's Store
Phone 360

A straight backbone works better than a crooked one.

Dr. F. A. Turfler

Murray Building. Phone 300

CHIROPRACTIC ADDS LIFE
TO YEARS AND YEARS TO
LIFE

JOE JEFFRIES

Over Farmer's Nat'l Bank

Phone 124-A

Ten Years in Rensselaer

Rensselaer X-Ray Laboratory

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHS
X-RAY TREATMENTS

I. M. Washburn, M. D.
C. E. Johnson, M. D.

WARNER BROS.

HARDWARE

The Progressive Shoe Repair Shop

THE ONLY ONE IN TOWN

BEST OF LEATHER

RUBBER HEELS

Shoe Polish and Laces

G. W. KNAUR

Candy

Ice Cream

Wright Brothers

Tobacco

Lunch

CHEERY CHOKES

Costello: "What kind of tie have you got on?"

Steckler: "A William Tell."

Costello: "What kind is that?"

Steckler: "You pull the bow and hit the apple."

* * *

We apologize to Mr. Arthur Powers for taking his name in vain in our previous issue.

* * *

We Wonder:

If Hoffman will make the Varsity. How the cross word puzzle got started.

What kind of hats the Fourths are getting.

* * *

Bug House Fables

Prof. in class: "Why don't you pay attention?"

Stude: "Don't bother me I gotta get this cross-word puzzle."

Prof. (thoughtfully): "That reminds me, can anyone tell me a synonym for Italian ice cream in seven letters?"

* * *

"What do you know about A. Lincoln?"

"Pretty good car but gimme a Davis."

Freshie to Farmer: "I wanna chicken."

Farmer to Freshie: "You wanna pullet?"

Freshie to Farmer: "No. I wanna carry it."

* * *

After sleeping in the Senior dorm Ed Kotter is of the opinion that not much coal is being burned somewhere.

* * *

Things To Be Thankful For:

That we don't have to get up at 4:30;
That exams come only four times a year;

That our team got a touchdown;

That Christmas is coming;

That the election is over.

* * *

Joe Gooley tells this one: On his way back to St. Joe last September Joe took a sleeper. Awaking about 1 a. m. our hero was amazed to find a red lantern tied to his pajamas. Indignant at such treatment, he called the porter and demanded to know what the idea was. The dusky boy promptly pulled out his little book and pointed to rule 38, which read: "Whenever the rear end of a sleeper is left unprotected a red lantern must be hung out."

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Encyclopedia Collegeville

Calisthenics: A branch of higher mathematics.

Infirmary: A home for disabled athletes.

Billiard Room: Where everybody gets balled up or out. Somebody a.Dn gets balled up or out. Secondary meaning: A game in which everything is racked but the brain.

* * *

Origin of Popular Phrases

"Dry up": What Moses said to the Red Sea.

"Hot stuff": Nero first used this one at the burning of Rome.

"It floats": Noah said this about the Ark when the deluge broke.

"It won't be long now": Mused Socrates as he drank the hemlock.

* * *

Who is Collegeville Slippery? This young wit has entered the hall of humor by having his name appear in "The Wake." We don't know, but maybe there would be rejoicing in Fort Loramie should the glad tidings reach that burg.

* * *

Syl Schmelzer sits in the atmosphere of Art.

* * *

'Member Way Back When—

Joe Sirovy wore short pants?

(Johnny Byrne was featured in every Cheer.)

We drank real coffee?

We thought there was a Santa Claus?

Some Chicago bozo said that every time anybody wanted to turn his horse around in Lowell he had to back out of the city limits. Can you blame John Beckman for getting sore? M'gosh.

* * *

A Shower Room Tragedy

Here lies the body

Of Cletus Dunn;

He soaped the soles of both his feet
And tried to stand on one.

LETTERS THEY NEVER RECEIVED

Reverend Faculty:

There has been a rumor floating around that you would let us go home about the 19th or earlier. We hope this is not so, because after the quiet routine of Collegeville we are afraid to be so soon in the world's turmoil. We remain,

Respectfully,
THE STUDENT BODY.

Answer

Dear Students:

Realizing that mere association is education, and that the more you rub elbows with people out in the world, the sooner you will be able to hold your own with them, we have, after due deliberation, decided to begin the Xmas vacation December 15 and set the date of return on January 15. Hoping that you will see the wisdom of this decision, we remain,
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A PARODY

Here's how a young Japanese school boy paraphrased Tennyson's exquisite lyric, "Break, Break, Break":

Rupture, rupture rupture on your stones of low temperature, colored like ashes, I say, Sea! I wish to vomit out all thoughts which come up to me. How happy it is for the boy supported by the man who lives by fishing—the piscatory child shrieking with his sister at play! Ah, well the navigator's youth sings in his boat in the inlet. The dignified vessels advance to their paradisiacal destination beneath the eminence less than a mountain! How I long for the touch of a dead man's hand—the hand that vanished when I touched it—and the narrow passage of water of a voice that is quiet. Spray, spray, spray, become discontinuons at the lowest point of your cliffs. O Ocean! But the tender grass which grows at the seashore is withered so the grass never grows at the seashore.—Selected.

Some men are fastidious concerning pure food, but let their growing sons and daughters browse at will through Bolshevik literature, filled with details of crime and neo-paganism.

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